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The Commonweal

February 3, 1950

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE WORLD

Francois Mauriac

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The State of the Local Catholic Press

Donald McDonald

VOLUME LI 15c NUMBER 17

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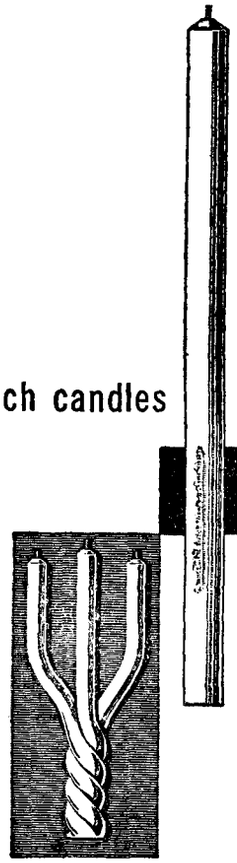

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Return to Madrid?

THE United States was not the prime mover in the UN resolution of 1946 calling for the withdrawal of ambassadors from Spain. The resolution which *our* delegates proposed merely contained a general condemnation of the dictatorship of General Franco. Yet the fact that no ambassador had been appointed to succeed Norman Armour in Madrid, and that the post had been vacant for a year, is said to have influenced materially the adoption of a withdrawal resolution. It was, however, Russia (and her satellites) who kept tirelessly agitating the Spanish question—simply to eat up valuable UN time and to direct attention elsewhere, while the USSR pushed ahead in Eastern Europe, besides getting back at Franco. In any case the United States simply went along with the majority.

The cause of the Spanish people is not one to which this country is passionately committed. Nor do we look with favor upon the present Madrid régime. The explanation for Secretary Acheson's stating that this government would support a repealing resolution by the General Assembly must be sought outside the Iberian Peninsula.

There are stout denials of it, but one main reason for this extraordinary announcement is military. Spain and Spanish North Africa would provide good air and naval bases for American forces once the Russian gauntlet is thrown down. The second reason has to do with our failure in China. The State Department wants to condition the American people to accept recognition of the Chinese Communist regime. The idea to get across is that diplomatic relations do not mean any moral or political approval whatever.

The fact that this guileless turnabout has little if anything to do with Spain herself is further indicated in the fact that any return of our ambassador is necessarily months away. The UN General Assembly is not scheduled to reconvene until September; even if a special session were organized in spring or early-summer, the Acheson announcement is clearly premature.

While this action has brought aid and comfort to the Communist parties in Western Europe, substantiating an anti-American propaganda line they have hitherto worked on in vain, it is within Spain itself that its effect is most catastrophic.

On the eve of the pronouncement, the Franco régime was at an unusually low ebb. There had been a falling out with Peron over inability or unwillingness to pay past charges, so that Spain was cut off from direly needed shipments of Argentine grain. Two successive poor harvests have gravely diminished an already insufficient basic food supply. And—what was infinitely more serious for the General—leaders of the Army were rebellious over the shrinking state of their funds.

Just at this moment, out of the blue, Secretary Acheson has intervened and Franco now enjoys a reprieve. For he has been able to present the American promise without its critical qualifications and to convey the impression that a big American loan is about to save the day. British and French officials have hastened to say that they oppose the State Department proposal. But whatever chance there was that the Army would depose the Chief of State and thus prepare the way for some sort of monarchist-Socialist coalition has been postponed indefinitely.

THIS pressure for the return of ambassadors to Madrid has impaired our moral prestige in many capitals. It is the sort of thing which Communist parties everywhere will exploit to the full. Yet the very fact that the announcement was so ill-timed does provide a real interval for the marshalling of American public opinion. It is unfortunate that many of the anti-Acheson forces on this issue will be men and journals that are hardly qualified by their past record: they have gone into frenzies about "fascism" in Spain but condoned and welcomed comparable and even greater terror in other European countries.

Is it too much to expect of the State Department still another turnabout on a question which they consider to be of minor import? Possibly. But if, between now and the next meeting of the General Assembly, the Department learns that American public opinion is adverse, our delegates may not actually press for a UN action which will only perpetuate the dictatorship which has been fastened on the impoverished Spanish people.

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• NEXT WEEK •

Clausewitz' principle, says JAMES BURNHAM in *The Nature of Modern War,* has become outworn. The line of demarcation between peace and war has vanished. So far, only the communists recognize that fact and act on it, to their undoubted advantage.

"The problem of internal communists has nothing to do with free speech or the Bill of Rights. . . . The confusion is due to our thinking about the communists in terms of peace, and their thinking and acting in terms of war. . . ."

Catholics and Liberals

THE Catholic members of the 80th Congress, according to the voting standards set up by the *New Republic,* were roughly twice as "liberal" as the Senate and House taken as a whole. That is how the 1949 record reads after the *New Republic's* annual tabulation of liberal batting averages. A year ago Dale Francis, Notre Dame professor, did a painstaking analysis of the 79th Congress for this magazine and found that of the 14 key issues chosen by the *New Republic* then, Congress as a whole voted 34 percent of the time in the liberal direction; on the same 14 issues Catholics in the House voted liberal 71 percent of the time. The record in the Senate, Francis found, was just about the same: Senate at large, 33 percent; Catholic Senators, 71 percent.

At first blush it would seem that Catholics must be a pretty "liberal" lot. Certainly they are, on the level of Congressional performance, even according to the standards set by the *New Republic.* The large number of Catholics consistently on the honor roll, however, doesn't seem to have calmed down any of the liberals' fears. There is just as much suspicion of Catholic reaction in the butcher-paper press as there ever was; just as many insinuations and outright charges, maybe more. It is not that the *New Republic* and its fellow liberals have lost confidence in their own day-to-day political standards, but that the indefinite thing in America called liberalism is, in the last analysis, something more than just a political movement.

American "liberalism" is a kind of religion; better, a substitute for religion. It involves certain attitudes and unspoken dogmas about man himself, the nature and end of society, the moral law and the final end of human activity. On many of these questions, and on the corollaries that follow from them, Catholics, just because they are Catholics, are found in opposition. Euthanasia, birth-prevention, divorce and personal moral responsibility are a few key questions. Each of these has been hotly discussed in the liberal press during the past year. Each of them, to Catholics, involves issues distinctly religious. It is on religious grounds that Catholics take the stands they take. Still it is rarely on religious or philosophical grounds that the liberals argue them. More often, the opposing views on questions of this kind are lined up as the "liberal" view *versus* the "reactionary" view. What should be moral, religious and philosophical arguments are carried on according to arbitrary political designations. A politician who votes against a birth-control law is, at least as far as that act goes, "reactionary," a contrary vote is registered as "liberal." By these standards, the Catholic is, and will continue to be, hopelessly reactionary.

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Unless, of course, he ceases to be a Catholic. And that, sometimes, is what it seems he is being asked to do.

We have never seen an outright invitation to apostasy in the liberal press. But when you criticize a man for his religious allegiance, his religious belief and practice, you are in effect inviting him to change his religion. Even that, Catholics could take without too much rancor if it were not accompanied by pious declamations that "we have nothing against your religion as such." Certainly there are Catholics who mix up their religion with politics. But they are not the only ones. There are also plenty of liberals who mix up their politics with religion. Behind the strictly political label, there is very often an issue fundamentally theological.

"Liberal" and "reactionary" Catholics alike are quite willing to defend their theology. But when the opposition puts its arguments solely in political terms, the difficulties blocking understanding are immense. Then you have the present unhappy situation: American Catholics and American liberals virtually without a means for communication. And because this is true, the nation itself suffers.

The Demagogue in the Vieux Carre

THE Gulf South is more a country of extremes than the Southeast, and it is still far freer of nationally syndicated respectability than the rest of the United States. In the backcountry, with its fierce underbrush and miles of wasteland, and in the hot, broken red land of Yoknapatawpha County, up near Memphis, the people vote white supremacy; and the demagogues shout, work, believe (or deceive) and are sent to Jackson or Baton Rouge.

New Orleans is a city where the extreme of ignorance and backwardness is reconciled with a high order of conscientious "Old World atmosphere and broad tolerance." It has history as wonderfully romantic as any city in the Western Hemisphere, and the best thing about it is that its natives know and live the tradition in a much better style than even the travel agents.

New Orleans, according to the reporter on the spot, "subscribes to the Southern pattern of segregation" and has somehow come along now for almost a hundred years without overt racial conflict. "Consequently," says Mr. Popham of the *Times*, "the populace generally has been astonished in recent weeks by groups of enthusiastic 'white supremists' parading about the streets, urging people 'to vote white'. . . ."

Alvin A. Cobb is a minor city politician who ran for mayor January 24 on a white supremacy platform, calling for the votes of all in New Orleans who were outraged by the prospect of "Negroes in schools, restaurants and moving pictures." Cobb claims to be a Dixiecrat, but the local right hand of the official Dixiecrats disowns him for trying to "create hate, prejudice and discontent;" but the right hand unfortunately knoweth not what the Dixiecrats' lef—the Dixiecrats' other right hand doth in Montgomery. There the Alabama chairman was carrying on with heat about "Negroes in Harlem and in the slums of other Northern and Eastern cities," and the foreign-born population of New York.

The citizens of this city noted for "broad tolerance" while subscribing to "the Southern pattern of segregation" are "astonished" at Cobb's open racism. Protestant, Jewish and Catholic leaders have made a courageous statement against "that master-racism" but even they say they are amazed. Unquestionably they are shocked and indignant at this wrong, but they have no right to be astonished. If a pattern of segregation and racial superiority is maintained for a hundred years the citizens may be thankful there has been no violence, but they cannot be amazed when what is under the surface comes out into the bright January sunlight. When you segregate, you frustrate and embitter the suppressed race, and you debase the master. If you can get away with it for a hundred years, you're beating the game, and you should know that the odds will catch up with you, and you will face the furious speech-making of the ignorant, and the street crowds may even parade in the Vieux Carré.

Changing Taxes

THERE is one aspect of the transformation of the New Deal into the Fair Deal which is deserving of wider notice. Mr. Roosevelt's remarks and directives on behalf of the underprivileged constantly laid him open to the charge of rousing class antagonisms. Mr. Truman, on the other hand, wants to be nearly everybody's friend.

That he is courting the American business man —as well as the worker, the farmer, the unemployed and the rest—is forcibly brought out by various details of Mr. Truman's January 23 tax message.

The cuts suggested in excise taxes on such articles as luggage, furs, jewelry and toilet preparations (including, we hope, baby oil) are clearly to help the businesses involved. Other cuts would help railroads and communications. All told they would mean a sacrifice of three quarters of a billion in government revenue.

To balance the slight increase in taxes recommended on profits of larger corporations, Mr.

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Truman would reduce materially the tax rates for small business—especially for corporations earning less than $50,000 per year. To encourage our overseas enterprise he proposes more liberal tax treatment for income from abroad. Finally he would give business enterprises a better chance to average profits and losses for tax purposes by extending from five years to eight the period over which these averages are computed.

To make up for these reductions and provide even more tax revenue for the government, the President wants to tighten certain "loopholes" which now enable people and corporations to evade their equitable tax burden: individuals who take advantage of lower rates by shifting reimbursement from straight income to "capital gains," taxing the earned income of "mutual" life insurance companies which are currently tax exempt, cutting down the "excessive depletion exemptions now enjoyed by oil and mining interests," and ending abuses of tax exemption by trust funds and other non-profit corporations.

Further evidence is provided by the genial remarks of Secretary of Commerce Sawyer before the American Bankers Association meeting in Chicago, January 24. Mr. Sawyer told the assembled bankers that the Administration believed that, for sustaining competition, the strengthening of small business was even more important than anti-monopoly enforcement. He hailed this as a "positive" approach to the problem. Mr. Sawyer had warm praise for the larger companies which had released for general use the patents they held on new synthetics and other materials developed in their laboratories. He appealed to all business men to support the coming balanced program for strengthening small business.

There can be no doubt that, generally speaking, business is being courted by President Truman and that this makes for a more harmonious atmosphere all round.

The Saar

THE common people of Western Europe, reports John McCloy, our High Commissioner in Germany, want to face their future together, not country-by-country. If this is really the will of the people there, it is fortunate for us, since we have already bet several billion dollars on the possibility of a European Union. "Integration" is the word and the policy we have set our hopes by; in some quarters, however, the word is taken with a grain or two of salt, as being one of those linguistic cover-ups that statesmen have a wishful way of throwing over the unpleasant facts.

Well, one fact behind integration is that the French and the Germans will have to talk and trade with one another and generally be on their good behavior. It is, therefore, bad news for all integrators to learn that the French and the Germans are now staging a return match in their long-standing fight for control of the Saar. Five times in the last 150 years the Saar has changed hands between the two countries, and once, after the first World War, it was internationalized. Rich in coal, iron and steel, this small piece of the Rhineland, on the Franco-German border, has a population of about a million.

Right now the Saar is politically autonomous: it has a locally elected Parliament and President. This arrangement is a temporary one, made by the Allies until the German peace treaty determines who will get the Saar. Economically the Saar is not autonomous: its mines, railroads and customs laws are tied to the French economy, as a compensation to France for German war destruction.

Things were going along smoothly enough until French Foreign Minister Robert Schuman paid a visit to German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer; when the two of them got up from the conference table, after talking over the Saar situation, it was painfully clear that Franco-German relations had suddenly fallen several degrees below freezing.

The Germans fear that the French, in asking for a long-term lease on the coal mines, are trying to cut the Saar away from Germany for good; the French are equally afraid of ever again seeing the Saar made part of a strong Germany. The Saarlanders themselves are predominately German, but they appear to like their present autonomous status. Mr. Adenauer has told Mr. McCloy that if he has to tell the German people that they cannot regain the Saar, it will go hard on his regime, since the Communists will loudly accuse him of selling out to the Allies and violating the Soviet slogan, "German unity."

An old harangue like this gets to be a tiresome and nearly endless one. The Saar is such a chronic sore spot in the Western community that unless we get busy to relieve the tension there, the word "integration" will indeed fast become empty jargon. It is unlikely that the Saar can ever again be either exclusively German or French. And leaving it autonomous is just to invite further bickering and aggression. It will take a long time to work out a solution to so deep-set a conflict, but one step in the right direction would seem to be an international statute for the Saar similar to the one now in operation for the Ruhr. If this were to be agreed upon, the transition to a true European Union, which will administer such zones of conflict, will someday be a far easier thing to accomplish.

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The Christian and the World

There is no real contradiction between civil duty and detachment from the world.

François Mauriac

AT first, the question "Is the Christian of this earth?" seems a simple one to answer "Of course he is. We have only to look at ourselves." But, this first reaction over, it occurs to me that an adequate answer requires more than this. It brings us, in point of fact, into the very heart of our own personal history, and the history of the Church.

If I begin by considering myself, and start with my own case, as one always should, then it is only too true that I am of this earth, as also the Académie Française is of this earth, the Légion d'Honneur is of this earth, the theatres, the big newspapers, the editors are of this earth, my house, my lands and my loves are of this earth. Assuredly are we of this earth as long as death, which is so near, appears to us as an uprooting, like that of a great oak tree clinging to the kingdom of the dead by a thousand and one roots; roots chiefly of interest, no doubt, but also roots of affection.

We have spent our lives forming attachments, that is the truth of the matter—and there would be nothing extraordinary or scandalous about this if we did not at the same time spend our lives acknowledging a crucified God Who asks His disciples to leave everything and take up His cross to follow Him. We have settled down under this contradiction and taken it for granted; it has not irked us. More than that: we have taken advantage of it, lived by it—and not only we, the Catholic authors. No doubt we are the first offenders, if not exactly by cashing in on Judas's thirty pieces of silver, at least, perhaps, by selling the fruits of that furtive kiss given to Christ and returned by Him at the best moments of our lives. Treason by a kiss, that is the part that Judas played; but to cash in, if I dare say it, on the divine kiss, that is the part we play, that is at least the part played by some of us Catholic authors—and not a pretty part by any means.

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC *is a member of the French Academy and an editorial writer for* Figaro. *His* Vipers' Tangle, Thérèse *and* Woman of the Pharisees *have been translated and published in the United States in recent years.*

The writer of fiction has to beware of a particular kind of attachment which deserves special attention; though here I can only mention it, the attachment of an author to his own work. How many of us have loved our own work better than our souls? We all have something of that passion which led Flaubert and Proust literally to devote their lives to their writing. Is there one single poet, or dramatist, or novelist who has sacrificed his work for Jesus Christ? Is there one who has done more than keep silent on finding he has no more to say or, like Racine, on concluding all he has to say?

★

IT is not only we simple layfolk who have to reproach ourselves. There are clerics too who gave up the world in the generous ardor of their youth, thinking that they were sacrificing everything. It sometimes happens that, by the middle of their life, they are as much attached to the world as if they had never left it. Thus a great religious Order, for instance, is at the same time of this earth; and a religious in the modern world can cut a fine figure in society. He can even become the fashion, and can delight that world for which Our Lord refused to pray. Far from being embarrassed by his cloth, he benefits from the attention, respect and confidence nearly always predisposed in his favor. His slightest remark, such as would pass unheard from a layman, the licenses he allows himself, carry weight and value just because he is marked by that sign which sets him apart, and which he employs to advantage. The truth is that Christ's demand that we should leave all comes into conflict with another law—this applies even to those who have answered His call—a law of gravity of almost insuperable heaviness. *Grace and the Law of Gravity* is the title of a fine book which itself serves far better than any commentary to make my meaning clear, and explains the obstacles I have been trying to point out—obstacles which, thank God, are overcome by sanctity in countless souls.

I know that we are not all called to the perfect life, and that "Leave all and follow Me" is

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meant for those only who aspire to perfection. Yet the distinction has always seemed to me a specious one. I would be almost tempted to judge the life of a Christian as it draws to its close, condemning it on its apparent success and on the way in which it may have shown "the sweet and criminal experience of the world," to quote a phrase of Pascal's. I would be tempted to be as severe as Bernanos towards those old Christians one sees covered with decorations and honors of every kind (and believe me I include myself), did I not know only too well what these honors usually mean. They are often little more than wind and smoke; and many personal confidences have convinced me that it is rather a matter of hidden crosses, as the triumphs of many men only mask the secret failures, the shipwrecks of which they are the only witnesses, or sometimes even promethean tortures suffered on heights where thunderbolts may fall but the eyes of the world cannot reach.

We are incapable of stretching ourselves on the cross, and on the contrary by nature we are disposed to seek out what charms and enchants us; but we are dragged by force to this cross by all the treachery of human loves, by illness, and at last by old age, that slow and inevitable destruction of the body "already three-quarters rotted," as Bossuet says, while the heart remains so indomitably young. "If God were with His own hands to give us masters," cried Pascal, "oh how willingly we would obey them! Necessity and circumstances are infallibly from Him."

Yes, necessity and circumstances are our masters. Seen from this perspective the catastrophes of man's history (and there are a few epochs which are as sinisterly privileged as our own!) are like agents in the job of tearing the Christian away from what on his own he has not the strength to renounce. "Pilgrims on the face of the earth" used to be for most men a mere simile. Today we see great flocks of displaced persons, numberless crowds of poor homeless creatures thrown out of their houses, their gardens, their country, wandering herds perpetually on the move, herds which any one of us might have to join one day, for who knows what may not be in store for him tomorrow? Circumstance, that God-given master, forces us to heed this terrible lesson.

Doubtless among my readers there are some who need no reminder to recall this lesson, those of you who have had your houses looted or burnt, and lost your humble treasures which each one inherits from his forebears, of little value perhaps but irreplaceable for the human heart. "I have lost everything." How often have I heard this said in the last ten years. Such is the history of man, a history made criminal by human pride, reminding us that we are of this earth only to detach ourselves from it, or to be detached from it in spite of ourselves.

★

THERE is only one answer to our initial question: Yes, the Christian is of this earth, and not only through covetousness and sin. He is of this earth literally, as a creature of clay, of that mud on which the Spirit breathed, mud from which sprang the wonder that is man. It is of dust that we are made, and to dust that we must return. It is this same dust that will rise again. We are of this earth, and however short our personal span may be, the human race will live on, and during the short interval in space and time that we are living dust we have to solve all the variety of problems of this world. You must forgive me for returning to these elementary facts, but there is nothing for it! We have our wives and children, we are the sons of our country, we are bound to our friends and to our neighborhood.

Now the accusation brought by the enemies of Christ against His servants from the first day, from the time when they were denounced by their first persecutors as the enemies of the human race, has always been that they refuse to be of this world, that they turn away from it in favor of a projection of their own agony and terror which they call God. You know how often they are reproached for this estrangement. But it is also said that the more subtle among us (this is the Marxist's accusation) only encourage the poor and the unhappy to turn their eyes to heaven in order to establish themselves more securely in peaceful occupation of their possessions. It is only too true that there are Catholics of a certain school who have done all they can to bring people to believe it. But we at least should know that detachment, that the denial which is imposed on us in order to counteract in our personal lives all its covetousness, does but serve to make us more free to devote ourselves personally to our brethren. This is what is meant by corresponding with grace, and why Saint John of the Cross says that it is by love we shall be judged on the last day.

The contradiction between civil duty and detachment from the world is only a superficial one. Our God is love. The Christian's share in the life of the City should be nothing less than the expansion of his love, but how seldom is this true fundamentally, how often do we deceive ourselves by making out that our political creeds and sociological ideas are the outcome of our faith. For most of us, the reasons for our political forays come from elsewhere: traditions, prejudices, racial antipathies. These all make for

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a bias from which the best Christians are not always able to detach themselves, and which they are adept at covering with all sorts of edifying excuses. There is also the trick (less naïve than Bossuet's perhaps) which some Christians have of making politics subscribe to Holy Scripture. As Léon Bloy says, the righteous will find the most ingenious reasons for resigning themselves to the reprobation of three-quarters of the human race. Then there is that kind of idolatry peculiar to left-wing Christians. They tend to identify the fortunes of truth in this world with those of their party; they superimpose in some way upon revealed truth another dogma of the temporal order, the claims of which they take upon themselves, and which, I feel, they would not sacrifice for anything in the world.

★

LET us admit, whether we are Right or Left, that we are terribly earthbound. We cling too hard to our ideas of Right and Left. When we have been detached from everything else it is too often here that we stick—to these ideas which are really passions, and violent ones and the most amenable to high-faluting excuses. At other times, I have always thought that it was easier for a Right-wing Christian, if he is in good faith and sincere, to recognize the impure origins of his passion especially when he belongs to the privileged classes. It is not at all uncommon nowadays to find Christians of the Right who have a bad conscience. As a matter of fact they have had a bad conscience for some time: the recent success of "Maurass-ism" in Christian bourgeois circles was partly due to the need for providing a reasonable foundation, an intellectual justification for the order from which they benefited. The Catholic of the Left or of the ultra-Left, on the contrary, finds it easier to produce edifying motives for his antipathies and his hatreds, and to confuse them with that hunger and thirst for justice which were blessed on the Mount, and which bear the promise of being fulfilled.

However this may be, it is obvious that on neither side in the realm of politics are we capable of practicing spiritual detachment. Ideologies are concerned with flesh and blood so that wars have become totalitarian to the extent to which they have become ideological conflicts. Wars of religion have ever been the most violent, and the one which threatens our lives today is a religious war the size of this planet.

Certainly we reject Nietzsche's accusation and Marx's. The Catholic Church has not turned her back on the world in the way they understand it. No one can deny the value of her social doctrine, her part in the organization of labor, the enormous work of mercy that she has carried out for centuries in the most God-forsaken parts of the earth, and all this in spite of an apparent compromise with an unjust order. I am afraid of scandalizing you, but hasn't our generation perhaps paid too much attention to the social question? To hear some people speak one would gather that they deem the crowds in our churches to be of little value unless they consist of workers. Many Catholics, even the best, are so obsessed by the great misfortune of the Church today, separated as she is from the proletariat, that they tend to forget that God is no respecter of persons, that the great dignity of the poor in the Church and of the workers should not now make the Christians of other classes appear of less value in our eyes. As you know, want and poverty and even destitution are things only too evenly shared out today, and that the poor of Jesus Christ are sometimes to be found wearing gloves, and even fur coats.

We may have a legitimate desire to refute Marx's calumny, and to prove by our own effort in the social field that the Church is not the opium of the people, but need this prevent us from stressing what is, after all, most essential to the message of Christianity, and what, believe me, all men in this year 1950 expect of us? When I hear great voices propounding from the pulpit questions concerning society and confronting the Gospel with the problems of the State, the relations between capital and labor, between the civil power and the Church, I have no doubt of the urgency of coming to grips with such questions. Yet I cannot help suspecting that a great number among that vast congregation — vast since it also includes the unseen radio listeners —must be sharing my feelings, mingled with great admiration, of having been slightly deceived; for surely they ask for one thing alone, and only come crowding round the pulpit to hear one thing—that we have a Father in heaven, that we have been redeemed, that our sins will be forgiven. Do you think that in the secrecy of their hearts they want to hear about syndicates? No, of course they don't. They want to hear about forgiveness and redemption.

★

I don't want to discourage you. I must beware of the sadness which is common to my age. All the same, weighing my words, I believe that the hope of mankind, at this moment in history, in so far as it concerns this earth, is a maimed thing. There was first of all that great outburst of hope in 1789 and 1790, the finest period for the human race as many Frenchmen believed in

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those years; then, a little more than a century later, came the Russian revolution, another terrific flare-up of earthly hope: the October Revolution.

What has come of it all? we may ask ourselves today among the ruins of Europe. Each one of us is in part responsible for the carnage and the crematoriums that are still smoldering. Man has reached the utmost limits of bestiality nineteen hundred years after the death of Our Lord and His resurrection. This would not matter so much—but what is really terrifying is his consciousness amid the evil. This apocalyptic vision should be enough to persuade us that human hope, estranged from God, is played out in so far as this earth is concerned. But it is worse than that: the survivors of those four terrifying years have not learned their lesson. And if their eyes are not opened by that thunder-flash, when will they ever open? Two different kinds of imperialism stand face to face, like pawns on a chess-board ready for the next game—while we work out the possible moves of either side: Asia where communism has the upper hand, and Germany already reviving and becoming a menace. Such is the Machiavellian stupidity of these empires that they cannot see how the arms which they guard so jealousy would completely annihilate the object of their dispute.

What does a political faith, or political hope mean nowadays? Without blinding ourselves to the failure of one party of the Right-wing concerned in the national catastrophe of 1940, we can say that no greater hope is to be found in the Left-wing since the Communist Party has become the pole of the working classes, and offers no other opening to a proletarian revolution than the triumph of panslavism. This insatiable Moloch stands at the gates of the tranquil City dreamt of by the young Péguy. The socialist cannot hope to see the dawn of real socialism until the hunger of Soviet Russia has been appeased.

These are self-evident truths which the most humble can understand. In spite of what Christianity has lost in the countries occupied by Soviet Russia, the unbelievers find themselves in face of such evidence forced to look with new eyes on the mother of men, the Holy Church standing immovable in the midst of such prostrate and desperate countries; because she is of this earth, indeed because she is rooted in this criminal earth, saturated in blood, but also because she belongs to heaven. She is heaven come down to earth that the children sing of at their first communion: *"Le Ciel a visité la terre."*

We mustn't be misled by the idea that we have to fight communism on its own ground, though we should, of course, follow it and dominate it as far as we are able. Now don't misunderstand me and read into my words any kind of criticism of the new methods of the apostolate which are the glory of the Church in France, and especially of the Diocese of Paris and its venerated and beloved leader. We must remember that in this year 1950 men are clamoring for something more than the bread of this earth. If I were asked to choose the passage from the Gospels which I felt was best adapted to the present condition of humanity, I think that I would single out our Lord's tender, almost supplicating question: "Will you also go away?" and Saint Peter's answer: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

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YES, the Christian is of the earth, of this earth which will perish, and which is decaying under his very eyes, but he has received the words which will not perish. And his one task in this world is to spread the flames thereof and to make his own life its witness. He is caught, as it were, in between these two promises, one of destruction and one of eternity. Hope, in the temporal sense of the word, is of little use to him in keeping up his courage. I remember how a young priest wrote to me just before he fell in the tragic battle of 1940: "My hopes are at an end. But Hope is a very different thing from being hopeful." Even if we had nothing more to hope for, we would still have Hope. Only the Christian is able to understand the profundity of Tacitus's saying: "There is no need of hope for an undertaking. . . ." We can devote ourselves wholeheartedly to the human city, and serve it, without necessarily having to believe in its final stability.

In the slums many churches that were only half-built were bombed during the last war, but this hasn't stopped us; they are being built up again. The Christian social workers, the parish priest in the slums, or the priest-worker, these men know that their work is already a beginning of the kingdom of God and its justice, a testimony to the promise that was made us.

To what kind of destruction will the idolatry of technical science lead us? That is the secret of the laboratories. But we have a secret too, guessed at by other men, and which we have no right to keep to ourselves. It is this: that in spite of all the crimes committed, in spite of all the bloodshed and blinding tears, we are gradually approaching the day of all days when mankind, risen, resuscitated and glorious, will behold the sign of the Son of God.

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The State of the Local Catholic Press

When men are dying to know the truth and dying without knowing it, the diocesan weeklies give them too much useless information.

Donald McDonald

LAST June at the Catholic Press Association convention, Archbishop J. Francis A. McIntyre declared that "the Catholic press has far greater power than it wields." While the Archbishop's statement was no mere rhetorical flourish, it did strike a strange note at the convention.

The CPA conventions have never been noted for their self-criticism and self-examination. A writer for the Crown Heights *Comment* remarked about that particular gathering: "The easy-going informality of the press people in convention is delightful but a bit disconcerting . . . there was no dynamic devotion to discussion of vital issues. . . . A good clash of opinion when influential men meet is a sign of a healthy and progressive condition. We'd like to see more of it at Catholic conventions."

The Crown Heights observer was being as charitable as he could. For the complacency of the Catholic press in convention is typical of its complacency in action.

If the diocesan weeklies of this country are to wield power they must first have the elementary sturdiness and courage to examine their weaknesses. We must, as a merely preliminary step, learn to react to honest criticism with corresponding honesty and integrity. We must drop our airs and manners of injured innocence whenever we are under fire.

Last December, Dr. John J. O'Connor, the 1949 Hoey interracialist winner, delivered a brilliant, interpretive critique of the Catholic press at the National Catholic Educational Press Congress at Marquette University. Dr. O'Connor went to great length in pointing out some of the major failings of the diocesan press, particularly in matters of social reform, Catholic Action, intellectual, spiritual and interracial life. Yet the Milwaukee *Herald-Citizen*, a diocesan weekly newspaper, dismissed Dr. O'Connor, accusing him of "coloring the situation with rhetoric rather than clearing it with fact."

This type of complacency is the Catholic press at its most vulnerable, for it perpetuates all the internal weaknesses of the diocesan newspapers on the assumption that there are none. It is the dominant attitude which tells the laity during Catholic press month: "You must support your diocesan weekly paper," but which never considers that the diocesan newspaper must merit that support. It is the confidence that the finely-chiseled phrase, the indignant outburst against Communism, statism, Protestantism and sin is having a terrific impact upon the workingman and his family, when in truth such journalism bores the readers because it is unrealistic, it bears no relation to the urgency of either the temporal or spiritual nightmares which beset modern man on pilgrimage.

Fortunately there is evidence available to document Archbishop McIntyre's indictment, Dr. O'Connor's observations and the vague dissatisfaction which readers feel generally with their diocesan newspaper.

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LAST year, graduate journalism students at Marquette surveyed the six "leading" Catholic diocesan weekly newspapers. Painstaking objectivity dominated the research. Among other facts, it was discovered that roughly 50 per cent of the news content of these six papers was "useless information," which included stories of social and sporting events, as well as accounts of events so incompletely reported that they could not be considered "useful." Also included in this category were stories attacking Communists and Protestants which were more rhetorical than reportorial.

Further study revealed that less than five per cent of the "useful" news content was devoted to the temporal problems and needs of readers. Such stories dealing with matters like wages, housing, pension plans, health insurance and recreation facilities apparently had no place in our diocesan press. So far as these six papers were concerned, their readers were abstract, disembodied spirits instead of men located on the horizon where matter and spirit conjoin, men who are destined for citizenship in Heaven but who must qualify for that destiny in the city of man with all its ugliness, squalor, selfishness and filth.

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In research of my own, I read 223 editorials from the April, 1949, issues of 25 Catholic newspapers and news weekly magazines. I wanted to discover how many of these editorials contained internal, intellectual evidence or proof to support the judgments made. Sixty-one, or a little more than one-fourth of the editorials, contained "sufficient" supporting evidence. Another 54 presented "some" intellectual proof. But 91, or 40 per cent of the total, gave the reader no intellectual evidence for the judgment presented to him as wise and prudent. The readers are expected to assent on an act of faith in the intellectual and moral infallibility of an always anonymous and not always infallible editor who hands down his judgments every week from the mysterious inner regions of some diocesan office. Such readers are at the mercy of what Cardinal Newman describes as the "capricious *ipse dixit* of authority," when they are really looking for intellectual evidence.

In the light of these and similar statistics, the time is ripe for us in the diocesan press to quit thinking of success and journalistic effectiveness in terms of circulation figures which tell us more about the obediential loyalty of our subscribers than they do about the quality of the newspapers to which they subscribe. It is about time that we begin to reward the loyalty of our readers by giving them something to read besides the monotonous and often useless diet of anti-Communism, anti-Protestantism, and anti-sin.

I have said that a preliminary step to a powerful diocesan press is the self-acknowledgment that the Catholic press can improve, that it "has far greater power than it wields." Second, the Catholic press must cultivate a philosophy of Catholic journalism and produce newspapers governed and controlled by the moral and artistic principles inherent in such a philosophy. And third, the Catholic press must perennially attract graduates from Catholic universities to insure the continuity of effective Catholic journalism.

To arrive at a functional philosophy of Catholic journalism, we must abandon the traditional notion that priests and "good lay Catholics" automatically produce good and competent journalism. We must abandon the notion that piety, if you will, dispenses not only with technique but also with an understanding of the principles of journalism. The majority of our diocesan newspapers today are edited and staffed by men who were appointed to their position, as one editor admitted, "because they got high marks in English literature at the seminary." The advantages which such writers bring to the diocesan press in the form of lower salaries, reliable docility and endurance are often more than offset by what Abbé Michonneau of France terms the "clerical culture" which makes priests "strangers to their own people." And this traditional Catholic journalism, which begins by suppressing and ignoring journalistic principles, ends ironically enough in even sectarian futility. While we may have fun potting at the Bishop Oxnams and Paul Blanshards as they move across the stage, I am sure our readers need and deserve something better, something more substantial, and even I may add, more adroit potting not of the Oxnams but of their arguments.

If this sounds anti-clerical, I can only direct readers' attention to Abbé Michonneau's book, *Revolution in a City Parish*, specifically to his chapter on *clerical culture*, for a more lucid outline of the problem. What is objected to is not the presence of priests on newspapers, but rather the presence of amateur journalists.

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RISING up now to counteract amateur Catholic journalism is the eastern group centering about the new Communication Arts school at Fordham University. Unfortunately this group seems to be tending dangerously to an exaggerated professionalism in its zeal to rid the Catholic press of its grosser amateurism. In his *America* article of a year ago, Father Alfred J. Barrett, head of the Fordham school, gave one the unmistakable impression that professional journalism could be bought by bringing some of Henry Luce's photographers into the classroom to lecture on shutter speeds and camera angles. Wrote Father Barrett: "Even some [secular journalists] who write 'sex and murder' stories are won over to part-time teaching, to atone for their misused talents by helping young Catholic journalists write well enough to pull readers the Catholic way."

This is not only professionalism exaggerated, it is professionalism misunderstood. It is to confuse a physician's "bedside manner" with the profession of medicine.

While no one will deprive the New York "sex and murder" writers of an opportunity to atone for their misuse of talents, to say that they are also "helping young Catholic journalists" is to introduce a gratuitous split between journalism and the Christian philosophy which must permeate, control and in-form even techniques. If it is journalistic heresy for piety to dispense with technique, it is philosophical suicide for technique to dispense with formative Christian principles. Journalism is an art. "If you want to produce Christian work," says Jacques Maritain, "be a Christian. . . . Do not make the absurd attempt to sever in yourself the artist and the Christian. . . . A Christian work would have the artist, as man, a saint."

An integrated Catholic journalism will never derive from secular journalism with token ges-

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tures to Christian principles. Nor will it appear from a zealous Catholicism indifferent to journalistic principles. It will only appear when we understand that Catholic journalism is an organic unity, not an artificial and arbitrary union of two unrelated elements.

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SUSPENDING for a moment the Christian nature of this "new journalism," we see, by examining the newspaper as such, that its sole *raison d'etre* is its social utility. It reports, interprets and judges events of the day which men need to know in order to live "the good life." Incidentally, the whole burden of the University of Chicago report on *"A Free and Responsible Press"* rested on this principle, and, as was to be expected, evoked anguished screams from injured newsmen who had always trafficked in scandal, comic strips, gossip columns and other socially useless intelligence.

When we understand that the natural norm of a newspaper is its social utility, we are immediately confronted by the crucial question: What do readers, as men, *need to know* in order to live the good life? And once again we are back in the area where philosophy enjoys profound sovereignty. Chesterton once remarked that the most important thing about a man was his philosophy. And we may echo Chesterton's observation with regard to editors and writers. For an editor's philosophy will tell him how he should answer this critical question. His philosophy will control not only the selection of news in his publication, but also the way it is interpreted, the editorial judgment he passes on it and even the emphasis he gives it through such technical devices as typography and placement.

If an editor's philosophy of man is a naturalistic humanism, his publication will look to the mythical natural needs of the human readers. There will be an exclusive preoccupation with the "natural good life" of men. The editor's philosophy will exert a rigorous, undeviating control over his publication. We have only to read a few issues of the New York *Times,* or the Chicago *Tribune* or the Milwaukee *Journal,* or the Los Angeles *Examiner* for an adequate insight into the humanistic philosophy of their respective editors and publishers.

But before we righteously condemn these secular organs because they are secular or because they do not understand what their readers, as Christian men, need to know, let us remember that the diocesan press is itself unaware of our reader's temporal and spiritual needs. Let us recall that half of our news columns are wasted on "useless information." Let us remember that only a negligible fraction of our "useful" news meets man's temporal social requirements.

We can assign all sorts of reasons why our diocesan press wastes so much of its power tilting at Communism; why it gives more space to sports and pictures of brides than it does to "movements" like Catholic Action and the liturgy and rural life; why it seems to Dr. O'Connor to be a "ghetto press" and why it is apparently "edited by the clergy for the clergy." But the two basic explanations are (1) our failure to understand the real nature of our readers as men who are body-spirit composites, who are in time but of eternity and therefore have both temporal and spiritual needs; and (2) our failure to understand that the newspaper is by nature an instrument of social use, and that to devote 50 per cent of the news columns to "useless information" is to abandon journalistic responsibility and integrity and thereby to forfeit even the obediential support of our subscribers.

If we once understand what is involved in this Catholic journalism and if we once allow this "new journalism" to control the production of our diocesan newspapers, the third step to a more powerful Catholic press will largely take care of itself. Catholic graduates will be attracted to the apostolate of the Catholic press the moment our diocesan papers reveal the dynamism which up to now they have kept under wraps. There is no shortage of constructive Christian revolutionaries in our colleges, at least not the shortage which their absence on the diocesan newspapers would seem to indicate. But who will be the first to condemn their hesitation which springs basically from a reluctance to be swallowed up in a musty journalism of negation, a journalism which promises nothing more attractive than the chilly milieu of the ghetto?

If the Catholic press should ever "wield its power," the prize would be great indeed. But we must first locate our power, we must first discover wherein we are strong. I have given what I consider to be the three steps to this discovery: (1) We must drop our unwarranted complacency in order to recognize our weaknesses; (2) we must cultivate and nourish, through reflection and study, the philosophy of Catholic journalism; (3) we must insure continued vitality and influence by attracting the most competent graduates of our Catholic campuses.

But in the end it is up to the diocesan press itself to put the principles into practice, to wield the power which it has. The prize is initially a following of intellectually and spiritually mature Catholic readers. The prize eventually is a share in the construction of Christianity as these readers become the effective leaven of their secular milieu. In an age when men are dying to know the truth and dying without knowing it, the Catholic press cannot be satisfied with lesser responsibilities.

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The Labor Movement

Too Christian

THE newspaper said, "John L. Lewis and the members of the executive committee of the United Mine Workers, squatting in a circle in a Washington park, declared today that they would eat no solid food until the coal operators grant the miners' demands for an improved contract. The miners, meanwhile, returned to the five-day week and their first full pay envelopes in several months."

Did the paper really say that? No, it did not. It just said something about a group of Japanese labor leaders who went on a hunger strike in a Tokyo park while their members continued working. It said they won the strike too. Of course they lost a good deal of weight and it must have been cool out there in the park at night. The older ones probably got stiff in the joints after the first few days.

It was an interesting item. It gave you ideas. Ah, but the ideas were ridiculous. Ridiculous, and strangely appealing.

After all, John L. admitted himself once that he is getting fat and flabby. It was at a Congressional hearing. He was talking about the shrunken bellies of the miners and he contrasted them with those of the present company, his own included.

There is something poetically right about the idea of a labor leader—especially one who is paid a splendid salary for the privilege of being a big shot and doing what he likes to do more than anything else—taking upon his own shoulders the suffering and sacrifice of the poor workers whom he represents. Let them stay at their jobs. They need the money; the country needs the coal. Let Lewis suffer for them.

No, it isn't practical. It sounds too much like Christ. And, besides, if Lewis tried it, the operators would just let him starve to death. But you must admit the thing has a lot of attractive angles, even for the labor leaders. Then maybe they could get up at a union meeting and sound off about how they would give their life's blood for the union and nobody in the back of the hall would be tempted to mutter, "Sure you would, at $100 a pint and expenses."

They say that Communist labor leaders in Japan would not think of being seen in a suit that looked as though it had been worn for less than two years. It's a point of honor with them. Of course sooner or later they have to buy a new suit, but perhaps they have some minor comrade designated to wear it out first.

This sort of thing can be carried too far. But you can't help admiring the idealism behind it. Seems kind of Christian, doesn't it?

Give the devils their due. Maybe they cheat, but until you have the evidence you have to assume that they play it straight. And it is true that even the Communist officials in this country—union officials, that is—generally pay themselves as low or lower salaries than anybody else in the labor movement.

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SOME of the old timers say that a union official should never make more money than the highest-paid member of his union. That's not a bad principle. There are few unions that don't have at least a few highly skilled workers who are taking in very good money.

Ideally, a union official should make no more money than he needs to support himself and his family in reasonable comfort, according to his status in society.

It isn't as if he were working for a corporation, where it is expected that everyone will try to pad his own nest as fast as possible. The union business is a different story. A lot of guys work hard for not much money and they kick in part of that money to hire somebody to represent them. This man is their leader, a kind of Moses leading them out of the wilderness of poverty, rotten conditions and general insecurity. When Moses rides in a sleek car, smokes expensive cigars and wears hand-painted ties that would knock the eye out of a Missouri mule, it just doesn't seem to go with the act.

If labor leaders dressed like ordinary human beings and lived on a modest plane, they would probably get better results. Those Jap Communists have a lot of good sound psychology on their side. For example: There was a fellow once who got a job as a union organizer. He had only one suit to his name and that was threadbare on one knee. It was summer and this fellow used his first paychecks to buy himself a new worsted suit and a straw hat. The suit was a blue pin-stripe and it cost $17, but it looked to be worth four times that. The hat was too stylish altogether.

So this fellow went out to organize garment workers in a little town in southern Pennsylvania. He went around to their houses wearing the suit and the hat and one night he got into an argument about all labor leaders being racketeers. He tried to tell these people that he had only one other suit to his name and that was threadbare, but they just laughed at him. It was obvious that he was lying. He signed up nobody in that house.

The average worker is a terrible cynic about his leaders and would-be leaders. He has seen too many of them come up full of idealism and loud promises, only to sink slowly in a soft mattress of mediocrity and easy living. Most of them are honest enough, as honesty goes these days, and they probably do as well or better than any of the brothers who are looking for their jobs. It is just that they never realize their possibilities. They should have been unusual, men who would be wept for when they die, men who would be remembered for years even by workers who never knew them to speak to, but just saw them and heard them talk and admired them from a distance because they were the real thing.

JOHN C. CORT.

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The Stage

The Cocktail Party

REGARDING T. S. Eliot's current poetic drama, the first question confronting this column will be how well the poet has manipulated the stage. Or, at least, that would be the first question provided one could trace the argument in support of which the author has set his scene, chosen his characters, selected and rejected his incidents. At a single view of the piece, and merely as a drama critic, I am forced to confess that I am unable even to begin to trace Mr. Eliot's theme. I must also confess to having been considerably confused before I began to be bored by the play.

The play opens at no date in London in a tasteless Mayfair flat where a cocktail party is in progress. Six people are present: five guests and a host, called Edward. One guest we learn is unidentified, the others all seem to be friends. Before the city twilight is past, we learn that Edward's wife has left him for plausible reasons. Four of the guests temporarily depart, leaving the host, Edward, with the Stranger, who helps us to understand that Edward's marriage is in jeopardy. The Stranger seems to know all and to be willing to forward our knowledge of the relationships of the play's people to a certain extent. Moreover, re-visits to the scene by a terrible, flighty old guest called Julia, a younger guest called Celia, plus a most fatuous juvenile guest called Peter, reveal the circumstances that Edward is Celia's lover, that Peter has been Edward's wife's lover for whom he now wishes to substitute Celia, and that nobody knows (nor indeed ever will know) who Julia and the Stranger are. There is a further scene in which Edward rejects Celia. There is still a further scene in which Lavinia, his wife, returns. The Stranger disappears from the flat singing an Irish street lilt called "One-Eyed Riley" in such a pointed manner one can only suppose that Finnegan is going to wake up at last, and make an entrance.

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THE second act presents us with the consulting room of a Harley Street psychoanalyst who, (guess what?) turns out to be the Stranger. The several destinies of the Cocktail Party guests appear to be in this figure's hands. Julia, it evolves, is his accomplice, as also is Alex, the sixth guest. The atmosphere of his office is one of condemnation. Edward and Lavinia are condemned to a continuation of their loveless marriage; Celia (the finer person) is condemned to what this Doctor terms his "Sanitarium." Interspersed with these incidents are cryptic exchanges between the three conspirators—the Stranger, Julia and Alex—although what they are conspiring for is never learned. There is also an equally cryptic drinking interlude between them which brings down the curtain. The final scene returns us to another "cocktail party" in Edward's same Mayfair flat two years later where the guests again assemble. We learn that Alex has just returned from the "east" where he has discovered that Celia, in the capacity of Nun or Nurse, has been crucified by natives in close proximity to an ant hill. In reference to this surely Blackwoodian-Machenian-Williamsonian fate of one of his patients, the Stranger (now known as Sir Henry Something Riley) recites an out-and-out poem mentioning (I think I remember), Zoroaster. Subsequently, the final curtain falls with Edward and Lavinia preparing for more guests.

Now, there is no doubt, I think, that the academic quiz-kids are going to be able to make something out of such a mistaken theatre evening. With script in hand, they will surely be able to match symbols, wrestle obscurities, conventionalize characters, and otherwise bask (I mean the verb) in subtleties. But I respect Mr. Eliot sufficiently to feel that he has currently wished for an audience rather than a number of fringe-scholars. As a matter of fact, he has plainly stated that this is his case (see the reprint of a recent lecture in the New York *Herald Tribune* for January 15th.) The trouble is that one cannot be sure what Mr. Eliot's conception of a theatre audience is. If he thinks of such an assembly as a group of plain people (some intelligent), who wish to exchange time and money in return for information, instruction, and/or delight from him, he has failed his bargain in this present piece. If, on the other hand, he believes his aisles to be peopled by a parcel of fools, he has delivered, I suppose, a stunning success. I do imagine a good many good people to have hurried away from the playhouse the other evening feeling they had been in on the wrong end of a hoax. And while I admit this to be the extreme view, it does seem to me possible that we may all have been engaged in a kind of Eliotic (I'm sorry for the pun) conundrum: as though the author may have wished to riddle some sense from us in an *a priori* controversy; as though we might be expected to acknowledge, in spite of him, that the Christian religion is not esoteric, that God is nobody's top-secret, and that the true saint, as well as the true scientist, has never tried to increase the mysteries of heaven and earth, but rather only to record them.

For the play's poetic formula, the *Herald Tribune* article is rewarding reading. I find I can only remark that the author's notion of a new kind of prose-poetry, established as invisibly, as inaudibly, as possible, in order to achieve the intensity of actual poetry at moments, is merely intellectually interesting. I did find there were moments when a kind of symphonic arrangement of phrases—particularly in the first crowded scene—did come over effectually, and I loved listening to them. Otherwise, there is no recognition to be found in this language and one cannot remember any of it. The characters seem at times to pronounce with wit, but never with humor. And as they have no emotional dimension at all — no love — the business never attains lyricism. There is no cry from the heart, or the soul, and I am at a loss otherwise to define Mr. Eliot's "intensity." Indeed, I cannot honestly believe the cause of poetic drama to be any way furthered by the scheme. (*at the Henry Miller*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

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The Screen

Love and War

IT IS INTERESTING that the two best of the new films to hit our screens in 1950 are films connected with war. Their themes are not necessarily war, but the circumstances of combat with an attendant aura of victory-and-defeat, survival-and-death, help to accentuate the main arguments about love and concern for fellow-men.

Actually the plot of *"The Hasty Heart"* could happen in any hospital or convalescent ward. But this story takes place in a British field hospital in Burma, just at the close of World War II. And in this particular ward are an international group, an American (Ronald Reagan), an Englishman, an Australian, a New Zealander and a very black South African who doesn't speak or understand English. These men and the nurse in charge (Patricia Neal) are informed by the commanding officer that the newest addition to this group, who are amiable and cooperative in spite of their various wounds, will be a Scotsman, a patient who does not realize the seriousness of his condition. He has not been told that he will soon die, and the officer hopes that the other men and the nurse will help him through his last days.

But the Scot himself turns out to be such a sour, dour individual, so embittered from childhood by the kicking around life has given him, that he doesn't know how to accept friendship and won't even let his fellow patients or the nurse do kind things for him. The gradual change in this man, who believes that sorrow is born in the hasty heart, makes fascinating film fare. Ronald MacDougall has done an excellent job in writing the script from John Patrick's stage play; and Director Vincent Sherman, although he was confined by a limited locale which makes some of the scenes static, has succeeded in getting cinematic movement through development of character and the tense, gripping quality of the situations. Richard Todd gives a superb performance as the unhappy man who slowly learns the meaning of love and who actually tries to share himself with his fellows, but then receives a blow which makes him feel betrayed and which sends him back to his hard shell more bitter than before. Since this is the first time I have seen Mr. Todd, it is difficult for me to tell whether he should have full credit for the effective portrayal or whether Director Sherman and the fascinating theme deserve major applause. In any case Todd is splendid, and the other members of the cast give him good support. Prepare yourself to have a few tears jerked at "The Hasty Heart." Its arguments are obvious, but that doesn't make them any less touching, as we watch this 24-year-old man learn lessons about living and loving that most of us learned intellectually or felt emotionally (or should have) as children. What gives "The Hasty Heart" such an emotional wallop is not its well-balanced contrasts of humor and imminent death but its simply portrayed universal theme of giving and receiving love.

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A SIMILAR theme emerges from *"Twelve O'Clock High"* and it will tug at your heart in the same way. Humor and imminent death are again contrasted, but the main problem in this extraordinarily realistic war film is concerned with the officers who seemingly become inhuman as they train their men for deadly missions and send them to death. Once the higher-ups decided that, in daylight, precision bombing was the only hope of winning the war, these officers had to devote themselves to the training of men for this difficult task. In the autumn of 1942 we see the declining morale of the 918th Bomb Group of the Eighth Air Force. This group's officer (Gary Merrill), through over-identification with his men, can no longer push them to the extreme. Out he goes, and in comes General Savage (Gregory Peck) a well-named officer who ruthlessly trains his men, becomes a martinet with a heart of stone. Certain that the men will eventually have pride in their accomplishments, he even sticks his neck out to delay their requests for transfer. The film builds up to a tremendous suspense: will the disgruntled fliers be transferred before Peck actually leads them on successful missions; will Peck crack up before the daylight bombing of enemy positions is successful?

Director Henry King has handled the themes in this picture so well that they and the routine war scenes grip us to the very end. The script, which Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr., wrote from their own novel, is good; and Darryl Zanuck has given the film an outstanding production with an all-male cast that is praise-worthy in every department. The performances contribute as a whole; while Gregory Peck is excellent in the lead, he is expertly supported by Hugh Marlowe, Gary Merrill, Millard Mitchell and a large group of younger men in smaller rôles. As the major in charge of Peck's paper work, Dean Jagger does the best and most understanding portrait that he has ever given in the movies. And the photography and flying scenes are first-rate.

But beyond its entertainment values, it is what "Twelve O'Clock High" is saying about feeling for one's fellow men that is important. I found this film more successful than "Command Decision" in portraying the responsibility felt by officers who know that what they are doing will win the war, but who also know that what they are doing will mean certain death for most of the men they send into battle. While the film's tense situations are relieved by occasional humor, there is little sentiment; and not until General Savage collapses under the strain of his job do we realize that he is human too; and as long as men are human, for them war is synonymous with horror. No matter how war may build up character, it is essentially demoralizing. "Twelve O'Clock High" deserves praise for its sincere tribute to men's heroism and for its effective cinematic statement against war. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Of Note

A Necessarily Latin Church?

IN *The Wind and the Rain* (47, Earls Court Road, London W.8) Conrad Bonacina discusses "Catholicism and the Latin Cultural Heresy." He states the Protestant challenge on this issue as: How can the Catholic Church fulfil her claim to be the Church of Nations, *Ecclesia Gentium,* when she is so thoroughly Latin in language, liturgy, institutions, outlook and cultural tradition? Believing that the bar raised by the Latin character of the Church has tragically cut her off from the East as well as from Protestant Northern Europe, the author argues that the Latinity of the Church is not at all essential to her.

> For if my reading of this development is approximately right, it would seem that the Church's evolution on Latin lines can be explained by purely historical causes, by the shaping influence of events in the temporal order, and that there is nothing in the whole process to suggest that it marks the unfolding of a divinely ordered Latin principle organic in her nature, or that under a different set of historical circumstances Catholicism might not have assumed the language and formal characteristics of an entirely different culture. But if this is so, if as has been my contention throughout this discussion, the Church's Latinity is not a supernatural law of her being but *a* mode (not *the* mode) of her historical development, a quality that is to say that belongs to her in the temporal not the spiritual order, then it is clearly nonsense to argue that she must, by a sort of theological necessity, everywhere and at all times present a Latin front to the world, that she cannot de-Latinize herself so to speak, without doing violence to the integrity of her religious structure. On the contrary, it follows that there is nothing in her theological position to prevent the Church from modifying her Latin character to any extent demanded by the requirements of her universal mission; she can shed as much of it as anywhere or at any time proves an obstacle to the acceptance of the Catholic Faith. . . .
>
> . . . [Those who defend the Latin nature of the Church] begin with historical Catholicism and taking that as their sole standard of measurement, their sole criterion of judgment, they proceed on the assumption that the Church must continue to develop for all time within the narrow limits of her historical formation up to date—even to the point of treating certain of these limits as in some sort dogmatic boundaries. In other words, instead of trying to imagine what the Church would be like in structure and appearance, how she would function in the infinite ramifications of her organic life, if she were in very fact *Ecclesia Gentium,* and all the nations of the earth were crowding in worship at her altars, they dismiss all such speculations as idle fantasy and are content to equate their conception of the Church Catholic with the Lilliputian dimensions of its present conditioning. As for their Faith, well, they console themselves with the reflection that as the Church's title does not depend on a majority vote of mankind, it is not invalidated by the mere fact that only about one-seventh of the human race (which on a generous estimate is the present strength of the Catholic population) acknowledge it, or—on their own theories—are ever likely to.
>
> The Catholic Church, however, as I have just remarked, takes herself and her historical mission with the utmost seriousness, and it behooves her children to do the same. What is the use of our proclaiming to the world that Catholic Christianity is the universal religion of humanity, if we show by the whole tenor of our apologetic that we really believe no such thing . . . ?

First Negro Bishop

APPEALING for funds to educate native clergy in mission countries, *Catholic Missions,* magazine of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith (109 East 38 St., New York City 16), tells about the first Negro to become a member of the hierarchy:

> The year 1939 marked an event of the greatest importance in modern mission history—the first member of the colored race was consecrated a bishop. He is Most Reverend Joseph Kiwanuka, a member of the African Missionaries and now the bishop of the Vicariate of Masaka in Uganda, Africa. In fact his vicariate is administered by native colored clergy. White foreign missionary priests are subject to their guidance.
>
> Bishop Kiwanuka, born in Uganda, was a priest only ten years when he was made the vicar of Masaka. He is now only fifty years of age. It was just a few years before he was born that missioners first began to enter the territory of Uganda and had to face the fearsome danger of being eaten by the natives. There were only a few Catholics at first. Now more than one third of the whole territory is Catholic. . . .
>
> Bishop Kiwanuka played a most significant role in October which was given wide notice in the United States—at Ottawa, Canada, he ordained four White Fathers, all Canadians. Here indeed is a sign of—Christ. He alone has brought all of these things to pass. A native of Uganda ordains in Canada four young men who are the descendants of French forebears and who wish to give themselves to the conversion of Africa. Faith in Christ, love of Christ have brought these together and it is Christ who will preserve that unity. They have not sought by their own efforts to exchange some good thing which one has and the other has

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not. The Bishop cannot claim to give the priests something which belongs only to Uganda. The priests are not going to Africa because of some benefit to Canada. But over and above all of them stands Christ, beckoning them on to share His life. In Christ and through Christ there are not superiorities, no privileges according to human standards that mean anything at all. . . .

The Limits of War

PEOPLE & FREEDOM (32 Chepstow Villas, London, W.11) is a journal of English Christian Democrats, members of the movement which has been given much of its leadership and direction by Don Luigi Sturzo. The Christmas-New Year issue has an article on the Church and War by the Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. As part of his defense of the proposition: "War is lawful in a just cause, in which case the citizen must obey the call of his government; and all who wage war are under the obligation of keeping it within the limits of reason, justice and humanity," Father Drinkwater has this to say:

The limits of reason, justice, and humanity. What these limits are, in any given war, may be difficult for the ordinary citizen, or even the ordinary theologian, to ascertain. But they must certainly be ascertainable. The general principle about the use of force is well known; that no more force should be used than is needed to obtain the object aimed at. Modern scientific warfare makes no difference to this principle. It is true that modern warfare does tend to become subhuman, and men have increasingly thrown aside restraint. Many people, including many priests, say that this tendency cannot be resisted, that it is no longer any use to talk of setting limits to what is done in war. This (our proposition affirms) is a cowardly lie. Men are affected by original sin, but they have free will, in this as in other matters. They must control themselves even in war, as they have often done in the past, and there are in fact strong forces working towards mercy and humanity as well as towards their opposites. If, indeed, war must be unlimited by considerations of natural law, then war would have become unlawful, because no possible war-aim could be commensurate with the abandoning of the natural law itself. But even without mentioning the light of Christian teaching, or the help of grace, strong motives of ordinary self-interest and self-preservation urge that limits to war should be set and preserved. For instance, if the atomic bomb, used without restraint, would destroy civilisation or perhaps the human race itself, then it is safe to say that the atomic bomb must be used only with restraint, and responsible theologians and conscientious military men ought to think out in good time beforehand the restraints needed, and if possible embody them in international conventions. Men have free will, even in this scientific age.

Books

Coming Up for Air. George Orwell. Harcourt. $3.00.

THIS novel was written about ten years ago but is being published in the United States for the first time. The author's *Nineteen Eighty-four* and *Animal Farm* were so successful it was apparently decided the reading public is now ready for all the Orwell it can get.

Nineteen Eighty-four was a frightful and frightening look ahead. *Coming Up for Air* in the main is a mellow backward glance. Orwell writes, with a kind of desperate nostalgia, of the easy-going days before the first World War. The first war, he thinks, marked the passing of more than an era. It was the end of a civilization, and of a comparatively beneficent way of life. Ever since, our world has been going through a transitional stage. The violent events of recent history have been little more than a prolonged and bloody birth. A monster like *Nineteen Eighty-four,* Orwell reminds us, is not brought into the world easily.

George Orwell, a hard man, is frankly sentimental about the world he knew as a boy. "Christ! What's the use of saying that one oughtn't to be sentimental about 'before the war'? I *am* sentimental about it. So are you if you remember it. It's quite true that if you look back on any special period of time you tend to remember its pleasant bits. That's true even of the war. But it is also true that people then had something that we haven't got now."

What they had was a basic security. Even though physically life was harsher and the cushions of the dedicated Welfare State were unknown, people were more basically secure than now. They had a sense of continuity. "All of them knew they'd got to die, and I suppose a few of them knew they were going to go bankrupt, but what they didn't know was that the order of things could change. Whatever might happen to themselves, things would go on as they'd known them."

Coming Up for Air is really a novel-ized presentation of this theme. George Bowling, a middle-aged, middle-class suburbanite tells about a few days in his own life, on the eve of the second World War. George is fat, forty-five, the father of two whining kids and the husband of an unloved and unloving woman. He is an insurance adjuster. An average man. "At my best moments, I might pass for a bookie or a publican, and when things are very bad I might be touting vacuum cleaners, but at ordinary times you'd place me correctly. 'Five to ten quid a week,' you'd say as you saw me. Economically and socially I'm about the average level of Ellesmere Road."

★

AS THE BOOK opens, George is a little ahead of himself. He won on the horses and has seventeen quid to spend as he sees fit. He debates between a weekend with a woman and dribbling it away on cigars and

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double whiskeys. The debate leads him to think about himself. Where is he going? Where has he been? Where is the world going? Where has it been? Finally George decides to go back to the little place where he grew up. He finds it changed. He finds the woman he loved when she was a slim, lovely girl now listless, ugly and overweight.

Everything has changed. People don't even go fishing any more. "The very idea of sitting all day under a willow tree beside a quiet pool—and being able to find a quiet pool to sit beside—belongs to the time before the war, before the radio, before aeroplanes, before Hitler." Even the names of fish sound out of date. "Roach, rudd, dace, bleak, barbel, bream, gudgeon, pike, chub, carp, tench. They're solid kind of names. The people who made them up hadn't heard of machine-guns, they didn't live in terror of the sack or spend their time eating aspirins, going to the pictures and wondering how to keep out of a concentration camp."

Orwell is a novelist, and he never forgets it for a minute. In *Coming Up for Air,* he is, of course, making a point. But primarily, he is writing a novel. A less skilful writer undertaking a job like this might have found himself on the lecturer's podium without realizing it, again and again. Orwell never abandons his story. Throughout, he is loyal to his novel and to his characters. What he has to say about the good old days really fits in with the story he is telling. And he is as sentimental about poor old George Bowling as he is about the days before 1914. Poor George! The world today is too much for his kind. "He's dead, but he won't lie down." Even when he realizes he is on his way to 1984, he's not quite sure what to do about it. JOHN COGLEY.

Frederick Catherwood, Architect. Victor Wolfgang von Hagen. Oxford University Press. $5.00.

ARCHITECTS of a venturesome kind usually find an outlet for their desire to pioneer within the limits of their professional work. Their activities then conform to what Léon Bloy calls "anarchic" and they become architectural, or structural, innovators, to a desirable or undesirable end as the case may be.

Frederick Catherwood, however, was an unusual type of architect for his adventuring was of the direct kind, rather than one transposed into professional working channels. Trained under the apprentice system in England, he began his independent work in 1820 and was lost at sea, en route to this country, in 1854. The years between were of a kind to make material for numerous adventure books. Unconventional activities and the lure of archaeological exploration took him to the Near East and later, to the more difficult terrain of Guatemala, Honduras and Yucatan. There were also interludes of conducting a Panorama (the paintings in it were his own) on Broadway and Prince Street in New York, and construction of railways in British Guiana and in California (the latter in the days of the gold rush). While there

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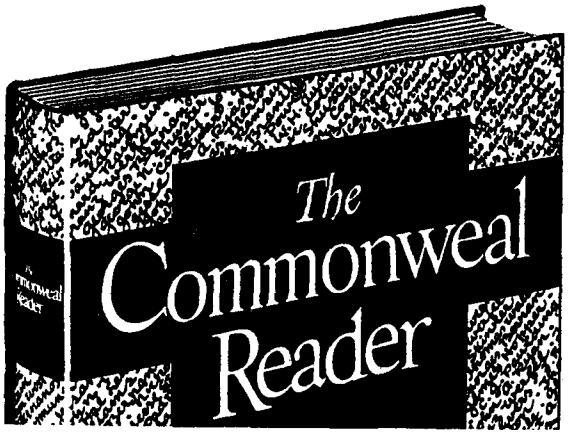

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is evidence that he occasionally occupied himself with the more pedestrian work of planning and constructing buildings, considering his type we may safely assume their design was remote from the anarchic. However, no record is given of them.

A pictorial draftsman of unusual ability, he joined forces with the American explorer and archaeologist John Lloyd Stephens, made hazardous trips into the Yucatan region and produced the first authentic graphic record of the stupendous Mayan ruins. Fever-ridden, Stephens and Catherwood literally staggered from Copan (in Honduras) to Chichen Itza, desisting only in their archaeological investigations when the collapse of one, or the other, was complete. Even then, after a breathing space, the two were again on the march toward another, dimly indicated, verdure-covered Mayan ruin.

Beyond the barest and most elemental data, little is known about Catherwood and Mr. von Hagen has had to create a figure in this book without much personal matter on which to base it. He has, however, succeeded to a remarkable degree in creating an enigmatic depersonalized figure, fascinating in the mystery that surrounds one who probably was so natural and familiar to those about him that the typical, undetailed comment on him was "Mr. Catherwood was here." Mr. von Hagen has done a valuable and interesting job in establishing him in his proper historical position and, in this, doing for him what his contemporaries failed to do.

BARRY BYRNE.

The Crooked Corridor. A Study of Henry James. Elizabeth Stevenson. Macmillan. $2.75.

SO MUCH has been written about Henry James during the current revival of interest in his work. Usually, though, the critic, preparing an introduction for the reissue of one or a collection of James' novels, stories, essays, notebooks or plays, or perhaps a piece for a literary magazine, has dealt with a single work or aspect. Elizabeth Stevenson, a 30-year-old Atlanta librarian, has courageously tackled the entire subject—and even more courageously, has limited herself to well under 200 pages.

While it is her contention that "his works do not require the commentary of his life," she devotes the first of the seven parts of her study to "The Man"—the scion of a family of well-to-do New York intellectuals who fled the "struggling, constructive, fighting" materialism of America for the older, more complex, temporarily more stable civilization of Europe. In his private life Henry James whole-heartedly accepted the cushioned fragment of continental society exempt from material concerns; and that class, too, is the field of virtually all his writings—"people whose comparative money and leisure gave them the opportunity to get into trouble, to form relationships which would be subject to conflicts"—people, in short, able and indeed forced to make personal relationships their chief concern.

And yet, as Miss Stevenson develops in the heart of her study, James' basic and pervading theme is not a

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stification nor yet a criticism of the manners of that ciety, but what she terms "the collision of the individual id society." In each of James' principal works the otagonist comes to grips with an organized and secure ciety which threatens, for better or worse, to compel s private self; the story consists of his success or failure retaining or discovering his individual sensibility.

This thesis, stated here with unfair baldness, Miss evenson develops with considerable ingenuity. She evotes, then, a long chapter to James' "attitudes" and nother to his "means." Sometimes, I think, she labors point; sometimes she skimps, as in her discussion of ames' all-important language. But in the main she is markably pithy and provocative, and as an added merit e never out of enthusiasm for generalizing loses sight f Henry James: her book is particularly rich in direct ference to James' works and characters and stated ends.

DAVID BURNHAM.

erlin Command. Brig. Gen. Frank Howley. Putnam. 3.50.

THE field of claimants for winning the cold war in Germany is much narrower than that for winning he shooting war there. There is a strong suspicion, herefore, that Brig. Gen. Frank Howley, deputy commander and then commander of U. S. forces in Berlin ollowing the war, and his publishers, have tried to get way from the starting gate ahead of General Lucius D. Clay, a leading contender for the title. General Clay's *Decision in Germany* is scheduled for February publication.

General Howley gives a lively account of his day-to-lay dealings with the Russians in the truncated German apital, and their almost incredibly crude and brutal fforts to force out the Americans, British and French. Any practical experience of this type has some worth in elping to form both public opinion and government olicy. But it is in his evaluations and conclusions that General Howley's flamboyance, quite effective in on-the-pot dealings with the Russians, needs heavy discounting. He damns Clay's efforts in Germany with faint praise, nd omits even the faint praise for those of the State Department and "the Pentagon."

The Russians are simply "rats who walk like bears" nd "the world's most colossal liars, swindlers and cut-hroats." General Howley closes the book with the statement "there are two ways of getting along with the Russians." One is the defensive policy of containing communism, which he dismisses as ineffective now that the Soviets have the atom bomb. The other is never mentioned, but reading between the last few lines, one can only infer that he means we should seriously consider dropping atom bombs—or perhaps hydrogen bombs now—on the U.S.S.R. before what he considers the inevitable attack from there.

All this may go big on the nation-wide lecture tour that General Howley is now making, so the jacket says, as a sideline to his vacation. As a contribution toward resolving the current crisis it is of doubtful value.

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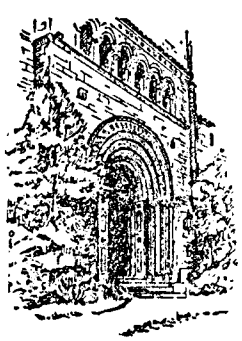
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Rosa. Bryan Morgan. Little, Brown. $2.75.

THE body of Rosa Kreutz was found by a labore beside an embankment on the edge of the marsh one grey morning. It was not difficult for the polic inspector to piece together the story of this tragedy. Sh had come to England from her native Austria on forge Swiss papers after the Second World War. On th night of her arrival she had seen a man, a small-tim crook named Harris, carrying a body to his car an had glimpsed the license plate of the car. When sh saw this car again, she felt that she had to warn Harri before she told the police. Things go on from there t the aforementioned tragedy.

So begins this study of conflict between good and evil It is also unfortunately a less intentional study of th conflict between two artistic aims, the one to evoke a emotional response and the other to impart an idea.

The real point and poignancy of the story lie in th lesser characters who are not allowed to think—the boy who are too quick with razors, Lottie, the girl whos chief interest is in having a bit of fun, the bewildere weakling whom Rosa almost loved. It is in these peopl and in their surroundings (the scarred, tawdry Londo streets), rather than in the set reflections of the majo characters, that lawlessness, deep cowardice and brutalit appear with most force.

If the author had been a bit less interested in convey ing ideas and a bit more interested in sending chills u and down the spine, he would have written a bette novel, as well as a more telling analysis of the problen of good and evil. MARY PATRICIA DUFF.

An Introduction to Ancient Philosophy. A. H. Armstrong. Newman Press. $3.25.

PLATO and Aristotle enjoy the principal focus ir this survey which runs from the earliest Greek phi losophers to the later Neo-Platonists in the Fifth Cen tury A.D. A final brief chapter deals with Augustine.

• REVIEWERS •

BARRY BYRNE is a noted American architect, at present living in Chicago.

DAVID BURNHAM, who makes his home in Connecticut, is the author of several novels.

PAUL FARRELL served as an Army officer in the European theater during the war. He is now an editor for the Conover-Mast publications, in New York.

MARY PATRICIA DUFF, a recent graduate of Stanford University, has contributed to *Spirit, a Magazine of Poetry.*

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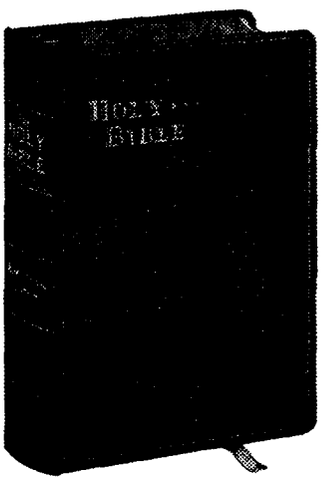

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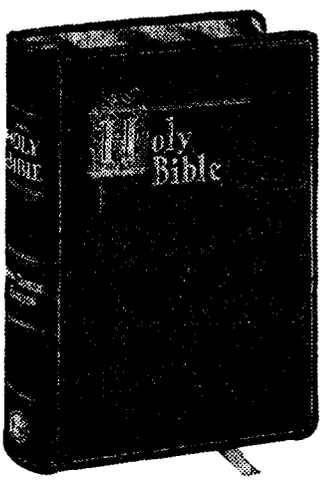

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